AN

ELEGY,

Occasioned by the Death of

THE

Hon. and Rev. WILLM. BROMLEY CADOGAN, A. M.

LATE RECTOR OF ST. LUKE'S, CHELSEA; VICAR OF ST. GILES'S, READING; AND CHAPLAIN TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD CADOGAN:

Who died, January 18, 1797.

BY THOMAS T. BIDDULPH, A. M.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene.———

Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
Urget? cui pudor, et Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas,
Quando ullum invenient parem?
Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit. HOR.

BATH:

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AN ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN

A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

PRINTED AND SOLD BY S. HAZARD:

AN

ELEGY, &c.

HARK, from yon azure cloud, whence dazzling light
Burſts forth in torrents on th' enfeebled ſight,
A voice divine, harmonious, loud, and clear
Diſtinctly vibrates on the liſt'ning ear,
"I dwell in higheſt Heav'n's unſeen abode:
"Mortals, be ſtill, and know that I am God."

Low in the duſt before thy throne we lie,
Nor dare arraign thy will, O Lord moſt high.
Humbly we own that 'tis not our's to ſcan
Thy ſov'reign meaſures, and conſummate plan:
With equal eaſe might the benighted mole
Judge of the purpoſe of man's reas'ning ſoul,
As we pretend to limit and define
The depths of wiſdom in thy mind divine.
Huſh'd be each murm'ring thought! 'tis Jeſu's will;
Hark! 'tis his voice that whiſpers, "peace, be ſtill."

Serenely wait the period fix'd by Heav'n,
When to the faithful ſoul it ſhall be giv'n
The gracious reaſons to perceive and know,
Why He inflicts the ſalutary blow.
Faith bids us bleſs His holy name, and ſay,
"'Twas love, that gave; 'tis love that takes away".

Should we not weep, when God removes from earth
Men, like CADOGAN, of diſtinguiſhed worth?
Yes, it becomes the friends of human race,
The friends of truth, who prize the means of grace;
Well it becomes them all with grief ſincere
To mourn in ſilence o'er CADOGAN's bier.
Few has he left to tread life's dang'rous ſtage,
Few like himſelf in this degen'rate age,
Who, fir'd with honeſt zeal (a grace how rare!)
The truths of God to wretched men declare;
Few that can bear, like him, reproach and ſhame
[a] And glory only in Immanuel's name.
[b] Like the few ſcatter'd olives, which are left
When of its plenteous load the tree's bereft,
High on the topmoſt boughs, one here, one there
Haply eſcape th' induſtrious gleaner's care;
So ſcarce are thoſe, who dare t' eſpouſe the cauſe
Of God our Saviour, and his broken laws.

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[a] Gal. vi. 14. [b] Iſ. xxiv. 13.

For thee I mourn, O READING, favor'd town,
Thy TALBOT and CADOGAN both are gone!
Lent for a while, they wide diffus'd the rays
Of Jeſu's love, and taught thy ſons His praiſe.
Well do thy daughters recollect the ſong,
Which dwelt on TALBOT's and CADOGAN's tongue:
Oft have they ſpread extatic joys around,
And made thy ſacred walls with praiſe reſound,
While they unfolded all the tale of love,
Which brought the Saviour from the realms above;
While, feeling in themſelves the living fire,
Which did of old th' Evangeliſts inſpire,
They labor'd to diffuſe a kindred flame,
And ſpread the glories of the dying Lamb.

Thought's piercing eye around the hallow'd tomb,
In which CADOGAN's duſt has found its home;
Beholds in ſable weeds a num'rous train
Of weeping children join the plaintive ſtrain.
(O liſten to their plaints, behold their tears,
Nor blame, moſt gracious Lord, their griefs and fears!)
" Once in the gulf of wretchedneſs we lay,
" Nor on our blinded minds e're beam'd the day:
" In midnight darkneſs we purſu'd the road,
" That led from happineſs to guilt's abode.
" No friend, no guide, no watchful Shepherd's care
" To guard our ſouls againſt the Fowler's ſnare.

" Till he, whoſe loſs we mourn, beheld our caſe,
" And ſounded in our ears the words of grace:
" Our wretched ſtate his anxious boſom felt,
" His warning tongue reveal'd our load of guilt;
" Then talk'd of Jeſu's dying groans, and ſhew'd
" The [c]open fount of his atoning blood.
" Well we remember, how with manly ſenſe
" In melting ſtrains of heav'nly eloquence
" He charm'd our liſt'ning ſouls, and preſs'd our flight
" From this world's gloomy ſcenes to realms of light.
" A pow'r omnipotent enforc'd the word;
" And taught the penitent to ſeek his Lord;
" To find in Jeſus all his ſoul could know
" Of ſolid peace and comfort here below.
" But now our faithful Paſtor is remov'd,
" The tender friend, our ſouls ſo juſtly lov'd;
" Who ſhall our feet in paths of truth direct,
" Or from the roaring Lion's rage protect?
" Who warn us of the dangers, that abound
" Thro' all the maze o'er this enchanted ground?
" Who now, alas! our drooping hearts ſhall cheer,
" When preſs'd with guilt we lie, and pale with fear?
" Who in the gloom of death ſhall point the way
" Thro' the dark valley to the realms of day?"

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[c] Zech. xiii. 1.

Juſt ſo Eliſha, when his favour'd lord
On flaming wheels to Heav'n in triumph ſoar'd,
Bewail'd the ſwift proceſſion's envious flight,
Which ſnatch'd ſuch glories from his raviſh'd ſight;
Whilſt with his own, he Iſr'el's loſs combin'd,
A deeper ſource of ſorrow to his mind.

Let Epictetus' philoſophic race,
Who preach of morals much, but not of grace;
Who ſate their auditors with heathen rules,
Drawn from the Grecian, or the Roman ſchools;
Let them diſplay their trophies, and make known
The conqueſts which their eloquence has won.
Say, whom have all your learned pains ſubdu'd,
And turn'd from lying vanities to God?
Alas! you're ſilent; for the pointleſs dart
Of moral ſuaſion cannot reach the heart.
Go, wield with fervent zeal the Spirit's ſword,
And, like CADOGAN, preach God's precious word;
Then while your tongues deſcribe the wond'rous croſs,
And prove, compar'd with this, that all is loſs;
While you unfurl the ſtandard ſtain'd with blood,
And point the guilty to the crimſon flood;
They will behold the dread [d] avenger nigh,
And mov'd with fear to Chriſt their refuge fly.

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[d] Numb. xxxv. 25, 26, 27, &c.

Then will new morals from new motives flow,
And faith by works of love its Author ſhew.
[e] Beneath the ax deſcends the ſturdy oak,
The forked light'ning rends the maſſive rock;
So God's own pow'r his own bleſt truth attends,
And to his will the ſtubborn ſinner bends.

Who is yon aged matron drown'd in tears,
And bending low beneath a weight of years?
'Tis England's church, our modern Zion, fam'd
For excellence where'er her Lord is nam'd.
Once while her Cranmer, Hooper, Ridley liv'd;
While Hooker, Davenant, and Fox ſurviv'd,
In youthful dignity and grace ſhe ſhone,
And beam'd with luſtre, like the riſing ſun.
So ev'n long ſince, while all her ſacred train,
Enforc'd the truths her articles contain,
With health her viſage bloom'd, in ſmiles array'd,
While her lov'd Uſher preach'd and Bev'ridge pray'd.
But ſoon confuſion's bluſhes veil'd her face,
While griev'd ſhe ſaw a new degen'rate race,
Who plac'd morality on Jeſu's throne,
And made man's virtue the foundation ſtone.

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[e] Jer. xxiii. 29.

Of late the matron ſeem'd to ſmile again,
Proud of her[f] Jones,[g] CADOGAN, and Romaine.
But when her faithful ſons are call'd away,
She weeps, and here would fain prolong their ſtay.
See, ſhe bends o'er the monumental ſtone,
And cries, like Iſr'el's King, "my ſon, my ſon."

Lord, look on England's deſtitute eſtate!
Remember that the harveſt ſtill is great!
More faithful lab'rers to thy vineyard call,
Fill'd with the zeal, that fir'd thy ſervant Paul.
We that are left, thy mighty aid implore!
A double portion of thy Spirit pour;
That yet the wilderneſs may ſmile, and yield
All the rich produce of the fruitful field.
As when the paſſing keel with ſwift advance
Hollows the boſom of the ſmooth expanſe,
The roaring torrents ruſh on ev'ry ſide,
With eager rage, to fill the mighty void;
So may thy miniſters, who yet remain,
Exert their pow'rs, and ev'ry ſinew ſtrain:

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[f] The author does not mean to exclude the many other excellent men, who have adorned the preſent century by their writings, preaching, and lives, but mentions theſe as eminent for their fidelity, abilities, and uſefulneſs.

[g] The Rev. Tho' Jones, Chaplain of St. Saviour's, Southwark, who died in the year 1762.

Seize ev'ry moment, ev'ry effort try
To heal thy church's wounds, her tears to dry.
Tears ſhe muſt ſhed, while Britain's utmoſt ſhore
Hears the ſad news, CADOGAN IS NO MORE.